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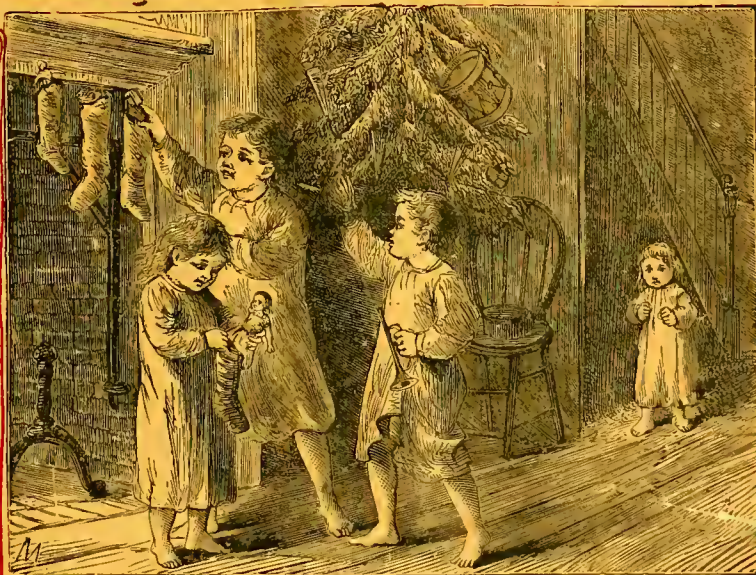
HOLINESS
TO THE
LORD

• DESIGNED
FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF THE
YOUNG •

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR •

SALT LAKE
CITY
UTAH •

PUBLISHED
SEMI-MONTHLY



Eight little feet pattering on the floor,
Four tangled curly heads crowding through
the door—
Hear the merry laughter, happy, childish roar,
Early Christmas morning.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXXIV.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1899.

No. 24.

BANBURY CROSS.

"Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady get on a white horse;
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes—
She shall have music wherever she goes."

nor romance tells us; neither are we informed what there was famous about the cross, except the notoriety which has come to it from the musical rider and the white horse referred to. Never-



BANBURY CROSS.

There is scarcely a child of any age whatever who is not familiar with the above rhyme from Mother Goose's melodies. Just why Banbury Cross should have been chosen for the spot where the jingling lady was to make her appearance as an equestrienne, neither history

theless, it is a fact that there is a town called Banbury in Oxfordshire, about seventy miles from London, and that it at one time had an ancient cross in one of its principal street intersections or squares. This original cross is now destroyed, and in place of it is the

monument which is represented in the accompanying picture, and which is itself called Banbury Cross, probably because it has no resemblance whatever to the original cross, nor to any other that anybody ever saw.

The town formerly had other claims to prominence besides the fame which the nursery rhyme has given it. It was celebrated for its cheese, and also gave its name to a particular kind of cake which was held in considerable favor. It was also well toward the front in educational matters, and two or three hundred years ago it was quite a nest of Puritans, who were not very popular in England at the time. It is supported mainly by the surrounding country, which is rich in agricultural products—it being the market town for the region; and it receives not a little of its revenue from its manufactures, chief among which are several breweries. It is only a small place, and never did amount to a great deal; yet it is a town whose name is familiar to and has been on the lips of more English-speaking children than hundreds of other cities with ten times its claim to notoriety. It furnishes a striking illustration of the undying character of children's songs and poems. Except for its mention in the verse above quoted it would probably never have been heard of outside of its own history and people; as it is, its name will not be forgotten so long as Anglo-Saxon children shall learn to lisp their mother-tongue in any age or in any part of the world.

THE YOUNG JUDAS.

An Act of Betrayal, but a Blessing at Last.

OF course every reader of this journal has heard the story of Judas who betrayed our Savior into the hands of His

enemies with a kiss. Officers of the law and other men wanted to kill Jesus because He made people tired of their old ways of living by teaching higher and better things. They were afraid of having their business damaged by change of any kind, even when it was a change for the better; so they wanted to kill Jesus the new Teacher. We are given to understand that they did not know His face, and so they offered Judas thirty pieces of silver to go with them to where Jesus was and point Him out to them so they could take Him a prisoner.

Some kind-hearted people try to excuse Judas a little by thinking that since he knew Jesus to be the Son of God, he could not believe all the bad men in the world could put Him in prison, and wanted them to try it and fail, so that they could no longer deny His divine power.

However that may be, he took the money and led the way where Jesus had been praying to His Father all night, knowing well that His enemies would come in the morning, and that they would take His life.

When they came, Judas drew close to Jesus with a smile and kissed Him; and that was the sign he had given the men by which they might know which was Jesus, for some of His disciples were with Him.

Jesus gave him a deep look and said, "Judas, do you betray me with a kiss?" That look and those words pierced Judas to the heart; and when he saw that Jesus did not strike His enemies dead nor in any way resist them, and that they tied His hands and led Him away, he was heart-broken. He went away by himself and cried very bitterly; he went to the men and tried to give the money back, for he hated it, but

they would not have it; and at last, being too miserable to endure life any longer, he went into a field and hanged himself.

This is the story of Judas; and now I am ready to tell you the story of a little boy who is yet alive, and who will know I mean him when he reads this story.

Roy Wilmot was nine years old, very fond of going to Sunday School, and never went without his lesson prepared. He knew the story of Judas by heart; and made no excuses for him. He had often glowed with indignation over the thought that the dear Savior had been put into the hands of cruel men by one of the near friends in whom He trusted, and with whom He had often eaten and drank, talked and slept. He thought it no wonder that the dear Lord's sad eyes and gentle reproach should break the hard heart of the false friend, and used to say "It served him right."

Roy's mother was a faithful member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and was very diligent in teaching her little boy the principles as fast as he could understand them. But to her great grief, his father was a man immersed in business, who thought religion a burden and a hindrance. He could not afford to pay tithing, he thought, because all he could earn was no more than enough to provide for his family. He thought, too, that after working all the week, he could rest better lying on the lounge on Sunday than going to church. He believed in an idle sort of way that God lives somewhere, and very likely Jesus is His Son, but did not pretend to know, and was even rather glad he did not know; because he had an idea that no man can be blamed for not doing what he does not know.

I rather think when a man might know just as well as not, he will not be excused for not knowing.

Roy's father had been born and reared among church members, but had never opened his eyes to see nor his ears to hear the sweet and beautiful truths which give life a higher purpose and a nobler dignity than mere business success or "doing about the best we can" in a blind way, can ever do. Mr. Wilmot had enough regard for the Gospel of salvation that he did not object to all the careful teaching and training which his wife bestowed on their little son. He might even donate his dimes and nickels to the Sunday School funds and pay tithing of his little gains; but he would not do anything of that kind himself.

Once he overheard Roy praying that the Lord would show his dear father the way to be a saint, and it almost frightened him. It gave him many uneasy thoughts, and he was tempted to tell Roy not to do that again; but on second thought he did not dare. He had a dim feeling that his little boy's prayers were like a safe little place to run into if he were in trouble or danger. That was quite true, and the wonder is that a man so willing to be ignorant, should have enough of the Spirit of the Lord to feel it. He did feel it, but put it out of his mind as soon as possible.

The deaths of two children in his family had humbled his spirit for awhile, and made him feel his own weakness and his dependence on God, but that, too, was of short duration. Besides Roy, he now had a little daughter between two and three years old, and he sometimes thought the loss of the other two was not so bad as it might be, because it was less trouble to provide for two children than for four.

Roy was very fond of his little blue-

eyed sister, but he had a great longing for a live pet of his very own. He was sure rabbits would just suit him; but his father had planted a young orchard and was quite sure it would thrive better without rabbits; so they were given up. He once had a kitten given him by a schoolmate, and its antics gave him many a hearty laugh. But the creature would steal cream, it would sleep on the pillows of the best bed, and at last it killed and ate his mother's canary. All these things, bad as they were, his mother forgave for her little boy's sake; but when for the third time she went to look at her sleeping baby and found the cat nestled down on its face so closely that the child was nearly smothered, even Roy would not consent to keep the cat any longer.

He next tried pigeons; but cats and naughty boys were too keen for him to have any success with them.

He had many secret longings for a pony; but before he even mentioned that to his father, his mother had convinced him that a pony would cost too much.

He next wanted a dog; but his father thought a dog would be next worst to a pig in his garden, and did not favor having one on the premises. So Roy was still wishing forlornly for a pet when he got it in a very unlooked for manner.

One evening after he returned from school, he and his baby sister were playing with a ball on the gravel walk in front of the house, when he heard a furious barking and yelping of dogs mingled with shouts and clapping of hands. He opened the gate and looked up the street, hoping to find out what all the noise was about.

He was thinking, "I wish I had a dog as big as a pony; he would be the boss of all the dogs in town. I wouldn't want a dog that wasn't the boss."

Just then the noisy rabble came in sight, two large dogs hissed on by several boys, in chase of a small dog with a tin can tied to his stumpy tail. In a moment, the poor runaway dashed in between Roy's legs, overturning the baby who stood just behind him, and rushed around a rosebush. Both children screamed with fright, and Mrs. Wilmot appeared in the door just as the two dogs paused at the gate, panting and eager, but not quite willing to enter the yard, although the lads in the rear still whistled and clapped their hands to urge them on.

The mother ran past the children and closed the gate; then took up her sobbing baby and kissed her tears away. When she raised her eyes, she saw that the little dog had crept to Roy's feet, and Roy was busy untying the string which fastened the tin can. He was talking coaxingly to the poor, trembling creature, and when his mother came nearer he said with great pity, "Oh, Mama, see how the poor little thing trembles and shakes because he is so tired and afraid! See how this poor foot is bleeding, and how he licks my hand! Mama dear, he's a poor little lost doggie, and I want to feed him, and let him rest, and take care of him so the bad dogs can't hurt him any more. Do say I may."

Here he lifted his great blue eyes, swimming in tears, to his mother's face, and spoke so pleadingly that she longed to say yes without hindrance. But she thought it only right that Roy should gain his father's consent, so she told him to do as he pleased until his father should come.

When Mr. Wilmot came home, he found Roy in the woodshed busy and happy in waiting on his four-footed patient.

He eagerly told the history of his prize as far as he knew it, expressed his opinions quite freely about boys bad enough to tie a tin can to the tail of such a poor, hungry, tired little dog, and then set their great, ugly, hateful pups to chase it; and ended by declaring he wouldn't have one of the big, horrid things if anybody wanted to give it to him, but this dear little jewel would suit him exactly.

The father failed to admire the shabby little refugee, but he yielded to his little boy's pleading far enough to consent that he might keep the dog until claimed by his owner.

This proved to be a triumph for Roy, because Towser, as his little master called him, was never claimed.

The little fellow seemed to know perfectly well who was his best friend; and how he did love Roy! He ran eagerly to meet him when returning from school or elsewhere, and nearly wagged off his stumpy tail, besides almost overturning Roy with his frantic bounds of delight. He was at Roy's heels wherever he was allowed to follow him, and tried to do whatever his proud little master told him. The neighbors complained that he was "a noisy cur" and barked too much at night, but Roy slept too soundly to hear it, and his opinion was that "some folks only wished they could get him," and he was happy through the summer and fall—even if Towser wasn't the "boss of all the dogs in town."

Early in the winter, the city passed an ordinance that no dogs should be kept unless their owners would put collars on them and pay taxes. Roy's father was not willing to pay taxes on a dog that was neither useful nor beautiful, and told his wife he meant to go next day and notify the pound-keeper to come and take Towser away.

Mrs. Wilmot knew it would be a great grief to Roy, and begged her husband to send for the dog when Roy would be gone to school, and try not to let him find out what became of the dog. Mr. Wilmot said nothing, but he considered his wife's feelings too womanish to be encouraged in a coming man; and took what he believed to be a wiser course.

The next day was Saturday, and Roy was with his father. Not very long after dinner, Mrs. Wilmot was amazed to see Roy rush into the best room like a mad thing, throw himself at full length on the carpet, and roll and groan as if he were suffering great pain. She ran and tried to raise him; but he jerked away from her, crying, "Don't touch me Mama, I am not fit to live! I am a Judas, a wicked Judas," and he broke into such a storm of tears and cries that his mother feared he would be very ill. She knelt down and tried to soothe him; but it was some time before he could speak again, and then he called himself over and over a wicked Judas, not fit to live.

"My love," said his mother, "you must not say that, because Judas betrayed his Lord and Savior to His enemies for money; and you have not done that, you know."

"Oh, Mama, I have sold my poor little dog that loved me, and had no friends but me, for money—for money!" Here he raised his head and his clenched right hand and threw a silver quarter across the room; then again buried his face in his arms and renewed his cries, groans and shudderings.

His mother was surprised at this story, and wondered how her tender-hearted Roy could have been induced to sell his pet; and set herself to find out.

"My dear, Towser loved you because you were good to him and saved him

from the cruel dogs and boys that were tormenting him; but that does not make it wicked for you to sell him. If any one else liked him well enough to pay money for him, I am sure he has another friend now besides you."

These gentle words brought forth from the weeping boy such a piercing wail of sorrow, that it dawned upon the mind of the mother that Roy had actually sold the dog to the city officer; and she was greatly shocked. She had never thought him capable of such deliberate cruelty, and it made her heart ache.

At her earnest entreaty, he told her his father had advised him to sell Towser, telling him where a man lived who would buy him, and promising to get a larger and handsomer dog some other time. "And, Mama, I pretended all the time I didn't know the man wanted to kill him, and kept thinking Towser wouldn't know it, and when I got a big, pretty dog the boys couldn't laugh any more about my dog being little and ugly and bobtailed, and so I went to the place, and told the man here was a dog to sell. He gave me a quarter and kicked poor Towser into a cage with bars across. Towser yelped, and the man said awful loud, 'shut-up! you whelp, or I'll cut you in two with a whip!' Towser stuck his nose between the bars and whined to me, and looked at me with his pretty brown eyes just like—I know it was just like Jesus looked at Judas!" Here the poor boy choked again and cried with all his might.

His mother took him by force into her loving arms and laid his head upon her bosom; and this time he did not tear himself away. As soon as he could speak he went on:

"And then, Mama, I began to cry,

and told the man to take back his money and give me my dog again—but he wouldn't do it. Towser cried for me and I cried for him till the man made me go. I looked back at the door, and saw Towser looking at me that way—and I remembered Judas—I know I am just as bad—I wish I was hanged—it would serve me right! Oh, my poor Towser! I heard a shot, I know he's killed!"

The whole story was out at last, and Roy had this advantage over the real Judas, he had one true, true friend who could point out a better way than hanging himself. She was obliged to admit that it was a cruel deed, worse in him than in anybody else, because he was the one above all others whom the poor dog had loved and trusted. But she believed if he would resolve never to do such a thing again, he could get forgiven by praying for forgiveness. But Roy insisted that he was too wicked to pray, he could not dare to ask the Lord for anything for Jesus sake when he had been so very bad. She urged that when people are most wicked they have most need of prayer, and he begged his mother to pray for him, and shivered as if with cold.

Alarmed for his health, his mother hastened to bathe him and put him to bed. Then she prayed for him and administered to him the healing ordinance. He faintly responded "Amen," and fell into a troubled sleep.

When Mr. Wilmot came and found his boy ill, and had heard his wife's account of what had happened, he was disposed to blame the child's religious training; but feeling the necessity of consoling the poor child if possible, he set off in haste to bring back poor Towser if possible.

He was too late, but when the officer

heard how badly the poor child felt, he was sorry he had been so harsh, and begged Mr. Wilmot to tell Roy so. He also, by way of making amends, found a large, beautiful Newfoundland for the father to take home to the child.

When Roy saw Hero, he broke anew into sobs and tears, and said, "I don't want him, Papa, he might love me."

His mother had begged him not to call himself a Judas because it made her heart ache; and he did not while awake, but in his sleep he often muttered the word with loathing.

The Elders came to visit him and they reminded him that when he went into the water to be baptized, that was an agreement between him and the Lord. His promise was that he would try very hard to do the will of the Lord just as fast as he could find out what was His will. The Lord's promise was that when he did commit sin and did truly repent, he should be forgiven. They said, too, it was to them a proof that the Spirit of the Lord was with him, that he could know so soon and feel so keenly that he had done wrong. Some boys, having done the same thing, would never have felt troubled. Now if he would trust in the promises of the Lord and pray to Him as well as have others pray, he should be forgiven, and should know that he was forgiven.

Roy felt encouraged and promised to try; but he must have lacked faith, for he could not feel that he was forgiven.

As Christmas, the day he had always loved best, came on, his parents planned extra pleasures in the hope of arousing him to his old cheerfulness. They dressed a tree and invited a group of children to meet him. They came in high spirits, and laughed and screamed with joy over their presents, and his little sister danced with glee; but Roy felt

no pleasure in his. The candy was not sweet to him, and he sat slowly turning the leaves of a book while the children played puss in the corner and blind man's buff. His mother urged him to join in the games, but the tears sprang into his eyes and he shook his head. He was more sad than usual, and his parents, feeling that the plan was a failure, suffered the children to go early home.

His father thought best to try a little sternness with him, and asked why he should make himself and all his friends miserable about a worthless dog.

"Oh, Papa, don't call him that, poor little thing! I don't believe Judas could have kept Christmas after he sold his Lord to be killed, and I am just as bad as he was. I can't keep Christmas, neither."

"My love," said his mother, "can't you believe yet that you are forgiven? I have prayed for you, so have the Elders, so have you. I do not believe the Lord will be unforgiving to a little boy who is so truly sorry. I am sure you will never do anything like that again, and I believe you are forgiven."

"No, Mama, I am not;" he said gravely. "The Elders promised me that when I was forgiven, I should know it. I cannot feel it yet. I wish Papa would pray for me."

This appeal went straight to his father's heart; and, taking Roy in his arms, he said: "My son, I once heard you praying for me, asking God to help me be a saint. I did not want to be a saint, but now I wish I were one, fit to comfort my own child. I will pray for myself, first, dear, and then for you; and do you pray that same prayer for me until it is granted."

Then that little family knelt down all together, as they had never done before,

and that father's heart was melted and his tongue loosened, so that he confessed his own greater sins of things he should have done and had not done.

He promised to be diligent in seeking after the truth, and asked the Lord to send peace into the heart of his dear child as a token that his own repentance was not too late and would be accepted.

When the "amen" was said, Mrs. Wilmot threw her arms around her husband's neck, saying: "My prayers are answered, blessed be the name of the Lord!" And Roy's face was transfigured with joy as he came and nestled in his father's arms, saying softly, "Oh, Papa, I am so glad. I feel it now, I know I am forgiven."

This Christmas day, which began so sadly and ended so gloriously, was the beginning of a new life for the Wilmot family. The mother rejoiced in the realization of her dearest hopes. The father learned by actual experience that none are so free from burdens as they who learn to cast their burdens on the Lord. And Roy realized more and more as the years passed over him that his own bitter repentance for a deed of betrayal of even a poor helpless dog, was in the mercy of God made the means of converting his father; and he truly knew that God had forgiven the young Judas.

Lu Dalton.

THE STORY OF THE TWELVE SPIES.

IN the last issue of this paper, allusion was made to the wanderings and murmurings of the Children of Israel in the wilderness, and how sorely they tried the patience of their great leader Moses, and of the Lord Himself. The illustration accompanying this article refers to the same people and to other incidents in their career.

We read in the sacred record that on one occasion the Lord directed Moses to send out from the camp of the wandering people a representative of each of the tribes of Israel to search out and make report of the land of Canaan. Moses selected twelve men for this duty—men who were "heads of the children of Israel"—among them Caleb from the tribe of Judah, and Oshea, afterwards known as Joshua, of the tribe of Ephraim. His instructions to them were that they should spy out the land, to see whether it was good or bad, fat or lean, wooded or not; to take note of the people that lived therein, whether they were strong or weak, whether they lived in cities that were strongholds, or in tents; also to bring back specimens of the fruit of the land. If this was the promised home to which Israel was coming, it was desirable that knowledge on all these points should be obtained.

So the twelve spies went forth as directed, and devoted forty days to the business in hand. It was the time of year when grapes were ripe, and near a certain brook they cut a branch with one cluster of grapes so large that they carried it on a staff between two of them. They also found pomegranates and figs, which went to show the great productiveness of the soil. But they also found various strong peoples, inhabiting great walled cities—among others they saw the sons of Anak who were giants, besides whom these spies appeared to themselves to be "as grasshoppers." Speaking from a human and natural standpoint, it looked as though the old settlers could not be very easily dislodged. They were no doubt well content with their country, and appeared able to defend and hold it.

The spies returned after forty days, and

made report of their findings to Moses and to the congregation. They showed the fruits they had brought, and declared

that the land was surely one flowing with milk and honey. But they were not so sanguine about trying to take



THE BLESSING OF CALEB.

possession of it—the strong cities and the mighty men they had seen rather frightened them. Caleb, however, was of bolder metal. He urged that Israel go up at once and possess the land—declaring the opinion that they were well able to overcome it. His companions disputed these views. They asserted that the people they had seen were stronger than Israel and of great stature; and they gave an evil report of the land, describing it as "a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof."

The people preferred to believe the bad report, and began anew their murmurings against their leaders and the Lord for having brought them out of Egypt to fall by the sword of their enemies. They even wanted to select a new leader and return to Egypt. Then Moses and Aaron tell upon their faces before the assembly; and Caleb and Joshua rent their clothes in sorrow and anger. They tried to convince the people of the desirability of the land they had visited, and assured them that inasmuch as the Lord would be on their side, they need have no fear of the inhabitants who had been described in such dreadful terms. Still was Israel obstinate, however, even going so far as to desire to stone the fearless and faithful spies.

Then the Lord's anger was mightily kindled against the people, and in His wrath He threatened to smite them with a pestilence and disinherit them all. But Moses prayed earnestly for their forgiveness, beseeching the Lord, out of His mercy and long-suffering, to pardon and forgive them. And again did the petition of this great man prevail: the Lord pardoned the people once more, declaring, however, that because of their complainings and their lack of faith they should not see the promised land which

He had sworn to their fathers—not any of them that provoked Him should see it. He told Moses and Aaron that because of these murmurings the people should wander in the wilderness forty years—a year for each day that was devoted to the journey of the spies—until all those from twenty years old and upwards should have died; their carcasses were to fall and waste in the wilderness, and their little children, whom they accused the Lord and His servant of bringing out of Egypt to become a prey to their enemies—these, He said, should know and inhabit the land which their fathers had despised. There were two persons in all the congregation who were to escape this penalty, Caleb and Joshua. Of the former, the Lord said, that because he had had another spirit with him and had followed the Lord fully, he should be brought into the land whither he had gone as a spy, and his posterity should possess it. And these two, Caleb and Joshua, lived, while the others who went with them on their expedition died by the plague before the Lord.

At last the time of the wanderings of the people was over, and Joshua, who succeeded Moses as leader, had brought the younger generation, even as the Lord had promised, into the chosen land. Caleb was still alive, but he was an old man. He was forty years of age when Moses sent him out as a spy, and now that the land had come into possession of the children of Israel, and the tribes were receiving their division and allotments of territory, forty-five years more had been added to his age. On this occasion we find him coming with the children of Judah, to which tribe he belonged, to Joshua in Gilgal. He reminded Joshua of what the Lord had promised him through Moses, also of

the promise of Moses to him that the land whereon his feet had trod as a spy should be his inheritance and that of his children forever. This was forty-five years ago, he said, and "now, lo I am this day four score and five years old." He declared, however, that he was as strong now as then,—his strength was as great "for war, both to go out, and to come in," as it was when Moses sent him; and he asked Joshua to give him the mountain and the region where they had found the giants and the walled cities, for "if the Lord be with me, I shall be able to drive them out, as the Lord said." Joshua complied with his desire, and blessed him; and thus Hebron, which was a part of the region given to the children of Judah, came to be the inheritance of Caleb and his posterity. We read of this in the 14th chapter of Joshua, and in the next chapter, the record tells us how Caleb drove forth the three giant sons of Anak, and how he was otherwise valiant and successful in gaining possession of other portions of the country.

PATIENCE.

PATIENCE is something concerning which we all must learn more or less before we die, for the happiness of our whole life is based upon it. A person who can control himself and be patient, gets along far better and gains much more respect than one who "flies off" at every difficulty or sorrow with which he may have to contend. At any rate, he who fails to control himself, though he may suppose other people fear him, carries no true respect whatever and always must "cool down" before he gets what he wants.

Webster, the great delineator of words,

tells us that patience is calmness under toils, trials and tribulations; the act of waiting long for justice and expecting good without discontent; being not hasty; having perseverance. Patience, then, refers to the quietness or self-possession of one's spirit under sufferings, provocations, abusings, and other things distasteful to us.

A patient person will suffer with meekness and submission; will be persevering and expectant without discontent. All the children of men have their own sorrows, and every heart knows its own sorrow best; yet every heart is not as brave as it should be: every heart has not learned to be patient and to put its trust ever in God, being persevering in trials and persistent in the endeavor to avoid retaliation.

I think a time will come when we all will see that though our skies have seemed dark and our way lonely and hard to travel, there has been and will yet be a ray of light to our path and a lining of silver to our cloud.

A mother's life is one of patience. Look at the tender care she bestows upon her child from the cradle, through all the troubles and cares of childhood and youth, to manhood! There is no such sweet example of loving endurance, of patient perseverance in life, as that of a mother. Here we all agree. There is no one so lovely, so tender, so sweet in all the world, as our mother. Why? The reason, of course, is the knowledge, the instinct, that she is mother. The word "mother," then, I should say, signifies long endurance, perseverance, patience under trials,—yes, faith, hope and charity,—the very best kind of patience.

Turn to the life of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. What a grand example of patience He gives us! How

generous and loving in life! How careful in His dealings among sinners of every description! Even when suffering the terrible pain incident to His death upon Calvary, note His patience and His sweet forgiveness,—“Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!”

The Latter-day Saints, as a people, have endured more than any other body of people in our day. A glance at their history will convince you of this. Patience and a conviction that God would direct for the right, has been their happy thought always.

Now, think of all the Prophets and true men of God since the world began. Were they not all patient? All submitted quietly and cheerfully to the will of our Heavenly Father. It seems to me, then, they all thought, though all may not have so expressed it,

“All as God wills who wisely heeds,
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.”

Agnes Borgquist.

HENRY'S EXPERIENCE.

HENRY FIELD was now fifteen years old. He had always been a very industrious boy, full of ambition; and as his father was always engaged away from home and felt tired after the day's labor was ended, the chores around the place, such as milking and feeding the cows, chopping wood, running errands, etc., fell to Henry's lot, as he was the oldest of quite a large family of children. So when his father on a certain morning last spring asked him how he would like to have a little more work put upon him, Henry seemed rather surprised, and told his father he felt he had about enough now when out of school.

“Yes, sonny, I know you are doing a

good deal, but you know I told you that last year I paid twenty-five dollars to get this lot watered and looked after, and of course we had a little garden. Now I have a proposition to make you: if you will attend to this the coming summer, keep the weeds down, and take the water every time our turn comes, I will pay you twenty dollars. Besides, I will get a man to plow and harrow the garden nicely for you, and get Mama to help you a little putting in the seeds. You know Willie is ten years old and if you can get him to help you any you can afford to pay him a little for it. Besides, you know the weeding will not have to be done much before school closes. What do you think of it?”

Henry was simply delighted! So much money! “Why,” says Henry to Willie, “I can easily afford to give you five dollars if you will help me.”

And such interest they took! It afforded Brother and Sister Field much pleasure to watch the boys; and the father told them that the lot never looked so clean and nice before.

Henry always attended to the watering himself, and became quite an expert in distributing the water properly. As the season passed on, the water kept getting lower, and he found it difficult to get it to reach all around. The lot was located at the head of the ditch from which they took the water, so the whole stream was always running past their garden, except when they themselves watered. Henry began to be tempted sometimes to turn in just a tiny stream outside the regular turn; but he feared his parents should discover it, and he knew they would never sanction such doings.

One night, just before dark, looking over the garden, he found the tomato plants just suffering, the leaves hanging quite limp. He thought to himself:

"Two whole days before our turn comes! What harm could there be in turning in just enough water for one or two furrows."

The eighth commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," his conscience promptly whispered to him.

"Steal? steal?" mused he; "no, of course not. But it can't be stealing to take such a little drop. No one will ever miss it."

Going over to the fence he saw the beautiful stream running in its course down to thirsty gardens farther down town. The temptation was too great. Henry disobeyed that still, small voice that had so often led him in the right path before; and many a night afterwards just before dark, could he be seen going up to the ditch to turn in just a little drop, always taking good care to shut it off very early in the morning, fearing to be discovered by the water-master or the people living down the ditch, and still never forgetting to assure himself that no one could ever miss such a tiny stream.

Along in July when everybody else had plenty of new potatoes, Sister Field had hard work to find a very few. Mentioning this one day at the dinner table, Brother Field said: "Yes, I told Henry one day I thought he watered them too much, for I never saw such potato tops in my life—it's like a regular forest."

Seeing Henry blushing furiously, the kind father continued, "Never mind; you are doing finely, my boy. We learn things by experience in this world. Next year you will know better."

Henry's conscience began to wake up again.

Along in August there was an unusually heavy frost for that month, and Henry was very sorry to discover, on coming out one morning, that all his

nice tomatoes, beans and cucumbers were as black as black could be.

"Strange," his mother remarked, a couple of days later, "how the frost can come in streaks! Sister Henriksen says their garden was not touched to hurt anything, nor was Brother Love's, over here."

Henry had his own reflections.

The next day Henry went to Sunday School. He had begun to think that perhaps he had committed real theft—still it did not seem real clear to him. But now anyway he would partake of the sacrament and then try and not do it any more.

The first question the teacher asked was an unusual one. He asked the class how many had attended meeting on the previous Sunday afternoon. Only two hands went up.

"I shall have to tell you something about it then," the teacher continued, "before we proceed with today's lesson, though I hope none of you are guilty. Our beloved Bishop spoke to us, and he said it had got to such a condition now that we could scarcely have our turn to use the water without watching the ditch; and he related that he, watering on the previous day, and finding only such a very small stream, had taken his hoe and gone up the ditch, where he counted the water running into eight different places from that one single ditch. In speaking to the people, some excused themselves one way and some another.

"'Now,' said he, 'this is wrong; it must be stopped; we have no right to vex one another in that manner. It is stealing; yes, just as much as if we went into other folks' granary or cellar and carried things away; and if we persist in doing this kind of thing, the Lord will withhold the blessings which He has so abundantly bestowed upon this land; and

who would not rather have the blessings of the Lord on their lands and gardens than a little stolen water!"

"And now," the teacher went on, "I am going to tell you a true story. I know you are nearly all acquainted with old Sister Bang, who lives away down the street by the field. She has been a widow for over twenty years, always supporting herself. This spring perhaps you remember she fell and broke her leg, and although she has recovered, she is unable to walk about very much. She has a cow that she has kept a good many years, and which has been a great help to her. She usually raises plenty of lucern on her lot to feed it the year round. The other day when I called in there, the old lady felt quite bad, for she said her second crop of lucern failed through lack of water, we having had no rain all summer, and when her turn came to water there would be but a very tiny stream, just enough to keep her trees and bushes alive. As she was unable to walk way up in town and back to look for the water, she did not get it, and her lucern dried up, the result being that she thinks she will have to sell her cow, as she will not ask the ward for help, there already being so many very needy. I felt very sorry for our worthy sister, and thought how plainly we could here see what harm can come of stealing water, for, as our Bishop said, stealing it is, when we know it does not belong to us. I think, my dear young brothers and sisters, that though we may not be guilty of taking water, only what rightfully belongs to us, it would be very pleasing to our Heavenly Father if we remembered such worthy poor."

Several hands began to show up. One little girl wanted to ask her father to have a load of hay hauled down to the good old sister, as she knew he had

never had so much hay as he had this year. Another had ten cents, another twenty-five cents. Some boys said they had none, but would be glad to go down and chop her some wood. Henry, sitting next to the teacher, seemed so taken up with his own thoughts that the teacher asked him what he thought of the matter. Henry rose, tried to say something, but seemed to choke. Finally he managed to tell the teacher he would come and see him next day.

When the children had all had their say, the teacher was quite affected yet very much pleased, and told the children he had never looked for any such result, and told them to tell their parents everything, and to do nothing only what was approved of by them. He felt that what good we did the old sister, would be pleasing to our Bishop and to the Lord and would be a source of joy to our souls.

Henry went home with a heavy heart and a guilty conscience. He was very unhappy. He could see now wherein he had been mistaken. He had depended entirely on his own smartness, had never once asked the Lord to bless him in his labors and tasks, although he had been taught to pray from his earliest recollection, and now he felt he must tell his parents everything, and how unworthily he had acted. How could he? Yet he felt he must. He had promised to see his teacher tomorrow; and he inwardly prayed: "Lord help me; I would not listen to Thy good Spirit when I first stole water; wilt Thou not hear me now when my trouble has come?"

"Henry, Henry!" Alice shouted to him before he reached the gate; "Mary forgot to shut the corral gate this morning when she was down feeding the chickens, and both cows have been out in the garden all morning, and have eaten

up nearly everything that was left. Pa just drove them in; he saw them as he came home from his quorum meeting."

This was more than Henry's already highly-strung nerves could stand, and though he felt himself to be quite a man at times, he felt very small then and began to cry.

"Never mind, Henry, you'll get your pay anyhow. Pa says you've earned it all right."

But Henry did not even notice his sister. He rushed right into the house where he completely broke down. His parents, knowing his sensitive nature, led him into a private room, and tried to comfort him in every way. His father repeatedly told him that he should lose nothing, that he should have what he had promised him and that he would pay him that very day.

"I don't want any pay; just give Willie some, and let me have just two or three dollars for Sister Bang. I don't want one cent myself."

"Sister Bang!" exclaimed his mother; "has the poor soul got hurt again?"

"No, but I guess I have stolen some of the water that belonged to her." He then managed to tell his parents everything about the water and what had been said in Sunday School, and said he knew now why they had had bad luck with the garden all through.

The parents, though grieved that their son had been led to do such a thing, felt very much like every parent and especially your Father in heaven feels over a repentant sinner, for Henry truly regretted what he had done now that he could see it in its true light. He was a much happier boy when he went to his teacher next day with a five-dollar bill for Sister Bang, and when the teacher expressed his surprise at the amount, Henry told him everything in a frank

manner, for as his father and mother had forgiven him, he also felt that his Father in heaven forgave him. He has learned a lesson and is confident he will be much more successful next summer.

C. N. S.

ON THE SEA.

FOR two hours the ship had been in a thick fog off the banks of Newfoundland. The great, hoarse whistle was blowing every minute to warn any other vessel that might be coming our way. The captain was on the bridge straining his eyes for icebergs and anchored fishing-smacks. A seaman passed along the deck with lanterns to fasten to the masts. A raw, chilling wind was blowing. From the wheel-house four bells rang, telling that six o'clock had come. Up from the lookout on the foremast the watchman answered with four bells and called out "All is well." The watch on the forecastle head repeated "All is well." From within a steward rang the supper-bell and most of the passengers that had been out went down to the saloon.

I remained outside, sitting in my steamer chair as I had done since early morning, muffled up in overcoat and rug. Beside me was a glass of cracked ice that I had been eating as a last resort to cure seasickness, the most horribly depressing thing, while it lasts, that can ever afflict one. I shut my eyes. That did not keep away the chilling dampness, the hoarse whistle or the swush of the water at the vessel's side, but it did shut out the sight of that ever-moving, ever-changing flood of terrible waves.

My thoughts naturally turned to land, that part of land that I knew and loved

best, three thousand miles away. The dark, wet, chilling fog changed in my mind to the glorious beauty of a September day in the mountains. It was the middle of the afternoon there, and school was being let out. I could see a fair girl take the little learners by the hand and go out in the warm sunshine for a walk through the green fields. Birds in the tree-tops were singing their songs of gladness. Men were plowing the rich bounteous earth, and there I saw natural, innocent life.

I opened my eyes. The darkness of night was about us. The ship reeled through the waves, throbbing as the engines drove it on over the treacherous deep; and as I sat there an unutterable horror came over me for that restless, uncontrollable thing—the sea.

Jos. J. Cannon.

NEED FOR A PROPHET.

WHY was it necessary for a Prophet to be raised up in this century?

The purpose of the Gospel is to lead us back to God—to save all mankind who are willing to come within the reach of its powers. It consists of a code of principles or rules which have been taught by the Lord and His authorized servants. The promise of salvation is made to those who do the will of the Father, who subscribe to the requirements of the Gospel. Among these requirements are faith, repentance, baptism in water for the remission of sins, and the laying on of hands for the conferring of the Holy Ghost—the baptism or birth of the water and the Spirit which the Lord said was essential to admission to the kingdom of heaven, in conformity to the laws given by the Almighty.

The evidence of the Gospel's presence among men is shown in spiritual gifts, and the working of miracles when necessary for the blessing of those who conform to the principles of truth. The presence of the Church of Christ and of the means by which the Gospel rules and ordinances are administered is exhibited in the Church organization, in which God has set Apostles, Prophets, miracles, gifts, etc. This Church and its powers were manifest on the earth in the days of the Savior and His disciples. In connection with such an existence the Almighty made great promises of salvation; as the Apostle Paul expresses it, "That in the dispensation of the fullness of times He might gather together in one, all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth; even in Him." (Eph. 1: 10.) The Almighty declared that a time would come when Christ would reign as "King of kings and Lord of lords," over all the earth; and He also made many promises in harmony with these statements. All these results were to be obtained through the operations of the Gospel.

But for many centuries the world had been without the Church of Christ; without its organization and its gifts; without its powers of salvation; without a concise knowledge of Gospel principles or authorized Apostles, Prophets, etc., to administer in Gospel ordinances. A comparison of the condition of the religious world from the third to the nineteenth centuries with the Gospel plan outlined in the New Testament establishes this beyond a doubt.

In connection with this absence of the Church of Christ and the Gospel, it was also plain that the great salvation promised had not been wrought out, but was still a thing of the future at the opening

of the nineteenth century. Hence, as the Gospel was a means of accomplishing the promised result, the restoration of that Gospel was an absolute necessity to keep the word of the Lord to mankind.

A feature that must not be lost sight of is the fact that in His Church, in administering the laws and ordinances of the Gospel, the Almighty operates through divinely appointed servants—those who possess the prophetic gift in the authority conferred on them. It is because of this that He organizes a Church—that He has an organized working force among men on earth. As such authorized servants of necessity must be in possession of the gift of revelation in order to know the will of the Lord, and in consequence of possessing that gift have the power of prophecy, etc., such servants are commonly called Prophets.

Since, therefore, the Gospel had to be restored, and since its administration in its fullness of necessity constituted the one who administered it by authority a Prophet of God, the necessity of the Gospel restoration made it also necessary for a Prophet to be raised up. And since the Gospel has been restored in this century, it was necessary for a Prophet to be raised up in this century, which was done in the case of the Prophet Joseph Smith; and the powers and authority of the Apostleship and Prophetic office conferred upon him continue with his duly ordained successors.

Florence M. Anderson.

A TOUCHING STORY.

I HEARD a story told the other day that made my eyes moisten. I have decided to tell it to our little ones, just as I heard it.

A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and gar-

rets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time of starting the cars, one of the boys was noticed apart from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched linings. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. "Come, John, come," said the superintendent; "what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I'm cutting it out to take with me. My dead mother put the lining in this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is the only piece of property I have to remember her by."

And as the poor boy thought of that dead mother's love, and the sad death scene in the garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John put the little piece of calico into his bosom to remember his mother by, hurried into the car, and was soon far from the place where he had known so much sorrow.

We know many an eye will moisten as this story is told and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go up to God for the fatherless and motherless in all the great cities and in all places.

Little readers, if your mothers are with you, will you not show your love by obedience? That little boy who loved so well, we are sure obeyed. Bear this in mind; for if you one day have to look upon the face of a dead mother, no thought will be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your disobedience.

Susie Terre.

*** THE ***
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

DEATH OF PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS.

IN the death of Franklin Dewey Richards, President of the Twelve Apostles, which sad event occurred in the early morning hours of Saturday, December 9th, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints loses a valued and valiant representative. He has been identified with it during practically the entire period of his long life, and has been diligent, ever since his youth, in seeking to promote its welfare. As missionary, as counselor, as writer, as preacher, as historian and as Apostle, he has labored in a busy field, his zeal and industry continuing to the end. To the soundness of his judgment, the purity of his character, the kindness of his heart, and the excellence of his gifts as speaker and writer, he added also a most amiable and engaging personality. He was indeed a lovable man—suave, affectionate, and full of generosity and forgiveness. A notable trait in him was the invariable charity with which he spoke of others. During all our long and intimate acquaintance with him we do not remember a single instance where he spoke unkindly of any one. He was always gentle and generous, even in referring to an enemy; and if his words may be taken as an indication of his heart—as in the case of most people they may be—he was not one who at any time assumed or desired to pass judgment upon others. If he could not speak well of a

person, he did not speak at all; and whoever thought to please him by harsh criticism or faultfinding or evil-speaking of others, and perhaps expected to obtain from him an endorsement of the views expressed, was certain to come away disappointed. More than almost any other man we ever met, he possessed and displayed this admirable quality. It was one of his most striking characteristics, and is one so desirable that we wish to make it prominent as an example for others to follow.

His devotion to the cause of God, his uprightness of character, and his spotless purity all his life have marked him as a true nobleman among the children of our Father. He loved his fellowmen, and was untiring in his labors and constant in his desires for the progress of humanity. The value of the example and influence which the life of such a man exerts upon a community cannot be estimated. Every good person who knows him is made better by the acquaintance; even the wicked are compelled to admit his fine qualities, and must at times feel to profit from his goodness. So it is that the world is better for his having lived. The Church to which he gave his adherence in his young manhood, and whose welfare he sought all his days, will miss his sterling qualities, and the Saints will mourn the loss of his genial presence and his fatherly kindness. But he has earned his rest, and his memory will live in affection and honor in the hearts of the Saints forever.

A sketch of President Richards' life and character—one of the series entitled "Lives of the Apostles"—will appear, with one of his latest portraits, in Number Four of the next Volume of this magazine. We omit at this time, therefore, any detailed particulars as to his event-

ful history and life's work. But we cannot forbear this tribute to his goodness and his worth, nor pass unemployed the opportunity to hold him forth as one of the best and brightest lights of this generation of mankind—a pattern of humility, gentleness, purity and righteousness which no one can study without pleasure nor follow without benefit.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR AND VOLUME—HOLIDAY
THOUGHTS AND WISHES.

THE ceaseless round of the seasons has brought us once more to the end of a year, and to the holiday time that marks the going out of the old and the coming in of the new. We trust sincerely the season may bring much happiness to all our readers; gladness to the downcast, relief to the oppressed, health to the afflicted, and the holy spirit of light and truth and righteousness to every one. We hope also, as a fitting beginning to the new year, that each one as he looks back over his record for the year now closing, may be able to find that he has done better as a citizen and as a Saint than he did during the year previous; that he has been more dutiful, more humble, more willing in the performance of good, and more sturdy in the resistance to evil, than ever before. The contemplation of our past is what enables us to class the years as good years or bad years. As a matter of fact the years themselves are much the same; but to each of us they are fraught with peace and joy, or sorrow and regret, according as we have done well or done ill doing their progress. In this view each succeeding year ought to be better than those that have preceded it; for we should be continually going on to and striving after perfection. If every one would make this his aim, how rapidly

the world would improve, and what giant strides it would make toward its preparation for the advent of the reign of complete righteousness!

In the world as a whole 1899 has been a grand old year. It has witnessed great advancement along many lines, and will be found to have maintained with credit its place in the wonderful nineteenth century on which the curtain is soon to be rung down. We may not be able to regard its close without a feeling of sadness, such as comes from parting from an old friend. Those of us who love life (as we all should do) may not all be able to think without a sigh that we have reeled off one more year from the bobbin of mortal existence. Those who dread death (as none really need to whose lives are correct) must realize that they are one year nearer that portal through which all must pass. In any case, however, the retrospection will be profitable to us if it is made in a proper spirit and with the resolution to scan our lives truthfully and to correct as fast as possible all the mistakes and weaknesses which we have noted in our past. Then each new year will open more brightly and come to us laden with higher hopes and desires, for we will realize that the nearer we draw to the great reign of peace the better we will be prepared to take our part therein.

Speaking now on a more personal matter, we announce the close, with this number, of Volume Thirty-four of our little magazine. Profoundly grateful to the Giver of all good for His mercies to and His blessings upon us and upon our labors in this connection during these thirty-four years; and thankful also to our friends who have supported and to our co-workers who have assisted in maintaining the INSTRUCTOR up to this time, we say good-by for the

year 1899, and wish to all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

There was loud rejoicing from Mary and Joey, on the return of the travelers. Mary's dear little tongue seemed fairly to be tied at the middle, running at both ends, so full was she of stories as to what had happened in her parents' absence.

Chiefest of all was the announcement that Grandma Howe had decided to go up to the Volcano herself and take Mary with her.

They were all sitting on the steps looking seaward when Mary told this wonderful piece of news, and Papa Argyle looked very serious as he said,

"Mary, daughter, Papa wants to tell you and Mama something. Mama will remember there is a lonely grave out near the path which leads down to the volcano. I went over there while we were there, to visit the spot. Some influence drew me there. The gentleman died there a year ago, from heart-disease, and as he had no friends or relatives, they buried him near to the spot where he died. His grave is covered with beautiful ferns and grasses, and he sleeps as peacefully as if he were in the silent city of the dead under the walls of a great cathedral."

"Who was it, Papa?" asked Mary.

"Can't you guess, my little pet?"

"Oh Papa!" There was a pause as the inspiration which was one of her gifts flashed over the child. "It wasn't my dear Major, was it?"

"Yes, dear," came the quiet, solemn answer.

"Oh Mama, Mama, all the good folks

die! Oh Mama, oh dear!" and she cried, with childish abandon.

Her mother's rare tears were falling too, but she comforted and cheered her little girl, while Grandma Howe said,

"Thomas, I believe you were inspired to go over there to find that grave, so that you might get the dates and do the poor man's work in the Temple. Did you copy the dates?"

"No, Grandma, I never thought of that. But I was struck by the inscription on the tombstone. I don't know who put it there, but on the slab was engraven, 'No rest, until Heaven is reached.' I thought it embodied or expressed his restless, wandering life, a glimpse of which he gave us; but in the light of what you suggest it sounds very significant."

"Certainly it is. Whoever inscribed it, I am sure there is a message to you. There is no rest for the poor, unhappy man until you make it possible for him to get to Heaven."

"All right, Grandma, we will attend to it when we return home, if you will get the dates when you go there."

Grandma did go to the volcano, and she and Mary enjoyed every moment of the wonderful trip except the seasickness.

Mary drew much comfort from the prospect of having her friend's work done in the Temple, and she manifested much of the sturdy philosophy which afterwards marked her character. The inevitable was inevitable, and there was always God to go to, and He would comfort in every affliction.

There were many days and weeks, which followed the visit to the volcano, filled with the simple, homely incidents of any ordinary child's life. The spring, the summer, the fall, all were balmy and beautiful, no raging storms, only the occasional patter of the tropical rain.

The winter even had no cool days or frosty nights; but the steady down-pour of rain brought the musty, mouldy atmosphere within the house, with the puddles and pools of water outside which brought forcibly to the mother's mind the dreary days when her two darlings lay beneath the iron roof with its loud pattering rain preventing her from catching the faint, failing breath of the dying boys. But no words were said; Mary had forgotten, as children do, and Mama wanted, above all things, to teach the dear children which were left to her, a sweet, cheerful resignation to all the providences of God.

So the winter months slipped away. Joey was quite a boy by early autumn, two years and a half old, while baby Peter was nearly a year old.

Mary was nearing her eighth year, and she and Mama often had serious little talks about the important event which was approaching.

Mrs. Argyle had learned to swim; and she and Aunt Nell spent many afternoons down on the seashore, swimming for a while, then getting out into the edge of the water and hunting with bare toes for the pointed shells which were half buried in the sand.

The children would run up and down the shore, with an old apron for a bathing suit, and such fun they had hunting crabs and shells and seaweed!

The time of their return was approaching, and hours were spent gathering curiosities from sea and land.

And soon it was Guy Fawkes' Day, and that was Mary's birthday.

With bounding steps, Mary followed her father, that beautiful autumn day, down to the shore of the great Pacific ocean.

They were a gay yet semi-serious procession; first Papa Argyle, who was torn with conflicting emotions—joy, that he

had a daughter old enough to baptize, and sorrow that his three oldest sons were taken from him. Papa drew the little cart with baby Peter, now fourteen months old; Joey trotted by his Grandmother's side, while Elder Bikelly and Mrs. Argyle brought up the rear, accompanied by all the children of the Mission who wanted to see the wonderful performance.

It was an impressive scene at the seashore! The long, curling waves, flying in to the shore with rhythmic sweep, the blue of the sky and the blue of the sea merging in the distant horizon; the mighty force of the sea was so gigantic, that when the little child came out to the edge of the water the imagination refused almost to grasp the importance of the human ordinance and the deep significance of the baptism which was about to be performed.

The voice of her father sounded puny beside the deep bass roar of the surf; yet when he stood there with his arm upraised in the sign and power of the Priesthood of God, all the watchers, even to the children, were moved by the inspiring sight.

"Just eight years old today, and baptized in the Pacific ocean, Mary; you will never forget that, will you?" said Uncle Fred, as the little one ran smiling and dripping into the bathhouse.

"I have a child old enough to baptize," added her father as he kissed the salty cheek.

"That's salty like tears, Papa," laughed Mary, as her father made a wry face.

"But she's going to leave all her tears here in the ocean," added Grandma Howe, who was always quick to turn unfavorable omens into good ones.

Again the days flew by, and in the winter months, another little baby boy came to the Argyle household.

Baby Harvey now claimed his share of love; and he got plenty. Nor were the other children denied.

"Mama," said Mary one day, "what a lot of love you've got, ain't you! You love me, and Joey, and Peter, and yet you just hug and kiss baby Harvey as if he was the only baby in the world."

"He's the sweetest baby in the world, Mary, to you and me. Mama has seen mothers, and good women too, who turn off the little one just as soon as another baby comes. They keep all their kisses and petting for the baby; and as soon as a new baby comes the old one is turned off with cold neglect. It is cruel, dear. You are all Mama's dear, darling babies, and I love you all just alike. You can all come and kiss me and squeeze me just as often as you want to. Of course our tiny baby is helpless, and we all love him the most, because God made us to do so."

And Mary pondered these things in her heart.

And now the hurrying days brought the time of their departure near. There was much cutting and sewing and planning done by all the families who were now released to return to Zion.

"Thomas," remarked Mrs. Argyle to her husband, when discussing the home voyage, "I would very much like to go home in a sailing vessel; I have been on the steamers three times, and I really want to try a sailing vessel."

"Oh, nonsense," answered her husband. "The vessels going up the coast are apt to be a whole month on the way, or even six weeks. Don't you remember when Grandma went home with Aunt Maidie they were six weeks on the way and sailed almost up to Alaska? When we start for home we want to go flying. Good gracious, we can't be a whole summer on the water!"

"But isn't it cheaper to go that way?"

"Yes, ever so much cheaper. Would only cost half as much. But I can't spare the time."

"But say, Thomas, if we could make the voyage in two weeks, would you be satisfied to go that way?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. But what's the use of talking. To make the voyage in two weeks is almost unheard of; and we shall go in a steamer."

After the father had gone, Mary, who stood upon a chair washing dishes, said reflectively:

"Mama, if you want to go on a sailing vessel, can't you pray about it, and ask God to make Papa want to go that way?"

The mother hesitated. She was very loath to have her children become overzealous or fanatical. And she felt that the matter was not over-important any way. Yet Mary persisted:

"Let us pray about it tonight, Mama, when we say our prayers. Shan't we?"

"Oh, yes, dear, if you like, but be sure when you pray to ask the Lord that if He is willing we should go that way, that we may be only two weeks on the water."

Not a word further was said about the matter to either the father or the grandmother. But the preparations went briskly on.

Arrived in Honolulu, they were domiciled at the Mission House.

Second baby Peter ran everywhere, although he was only twenty-two months old.

"Take care of that child," was the father's constant remark, "or he'll get hurt."

It was so natural for Papa Argyle to charge everybody else to take care of the children, and to prophecy dire results as to every open door and stair-

way, that it was not heeded as much as necessary.

There was a stairway leading from the chambers and sitting-room to the kitchen below. An open balustrade surrounded the stairway in the upper room, with a gate opening into the stairs. There was much to do, and second baby Peter was for the moment forgotten.

A scream, a rush of feet, and Grandma Howe dashed down the stairway

"He has bitten the end of his tongue off; see it is just hanging by a little skin!" exclaimed Mary.

Just then the father came in with Elder Moi, and both heard the story of the accident, between the screams of the suffering child.

The little one screamed and pulled at the piece which hung by a thread; it was the tip of the tongue. The throat and neck swelled rapidly.



HONOLULU.

and picked up the unconscious little fellow who had fallen from top to bottom of the stairs.

The blood was streaming from the little mouth, and the mother's heart was torn with fear.

"Don't be frightened, Jane," said Grandma, "he'll be all right. Run, Mary, for Papa. Now, be calm, and hand me some hot water and the towels. Yes, and bring me the consecrated oil and some medicated cotton."

The father looked at the pale, downcast face of his wife, then turning to Elder Moi he said quietly:

"I guess we better administer to the little one. Bring the oil, Mary, and a spoon."

Grandma Howe insisted on taking the little fellow, after the administration was over, and she put soft medicated cotton, saturated with oil, all over the swollen neck and chin. And every time the child would scream or try to pull at

his tongue she would pour oil on the lips and in the mouth.

The next morning Peter was awake and ready for his breakfast of scalded bread and milk.

"Papa, come and see Peter eat. The Lord has healed him."

"Well, Jane, that is actually a miracle. The tip is chopped off, but the little chap doesn't seem to be in any pain."

That morning Papa Argyle came up with the word that he had visited all the steamships and docks and had found it next to impossible to go home on a steamer.

"Why?" asked his wife.

"Well, my dear," he hesitated a little for he knew how sensitive his wife was on the subject, "You remember, Jane, that Elder Hale dedicated the ground where our boys were buried only until we went home to Utah."

The mother's face was drawn with pain; Mary crept around and put her arms closely about her mother's neck. The mother offered no remarks, and Mr. Argyle continued:

"I had the metallic box in which are the two coffins brought over by the coast steamer several days ago; now the captain of the steamer wants to charge me an exorbitant sum to take our precious box. But I went down to the barque *Forest Queen*, (the same the folks went up on two years ago) and Captain Winding says he will take our box with the other freight, if we will say nothing about it as the sailors are very superstitious. So, all things considered, I think we would better take the sailing vessel."

"Will the natives go with you on the sailing vessel, or with the others on the steamer?" asked Mrs. Argyle.

"They must go with me. There are twenty-one souls of them, and seven of

us white people, with Sister Christine, if she decides to go with us. She doesn't know which to choose."

"Well, we'll be a ship-load of ourselves," said Grandma Howe.

"And are we really, truly going on a sailing vessel?" Mary asked.

Mama gave her a gentle, warning look and answered,

"Yes, dear; it seems so. But we never talk about things we are going to have, or things we're going to do, do we? We just go ahead and do them."

"I am going in the bed-room to pray," whispered Mary in her mother's ear, with a mysterious air; the mother laughed and kissed, and let the child go to perform her own innocent, secret orisons.

What a day that was when they went on board the *Forest Queen*! The white people and the dark people, the grown-ups and the babies! It was not a steamship from which was called out at the advertised hour for sailing, "All aboard!" then pounding a gong, everyone scampering everywhere, the gang-plank drawn up and the monster vessel steaming and puffing, and away——!

Ah no! It was a merry little craft, with everything tight and snug, the sailors shouting, the masts creaking, and the vessel calmly moored while everyone calmly got on board.

Was there ever so much baggage taken aboard a ship?

"I don't blame Napoleon for saying that he would rather move a whole division of his army than Josephine and her band boxes," muttered Papa Argyle as he viewed the small mountain of trunks, boxes, valises, baskets, bundles and bags which belonged to the women under his care, while he mopped his brow with his handkerchief already wet with perspiration.

"They'll all come in handy, Mr. Toodles, when we get home," remarked his wife in answer to his lamentation.

"Jane, have you got crutches or a cradle there? You've got everything else, I am sure," said Grandma Howe.

"Everything but a——" began Mr. Argyle. The jest died in his aching throat. His wife put aside her own deep emotion at the thoughts called up by their jesting, and drawing her husband aside, she said:

"Let us go down and look at the cabins."

"What are you going to do about Grandma's and Christine's handsome Japanese chairs, Thomas?"

"The captain says we can use them on the deck for the voyage, and then get them through the custom house as deck chairs."

"Is that right?"

"Perfectly, Jane. But I don't know how we are going to get all the curios and shells and Japanese stuff you folks bought yesterday through the custom house. It may cost us a pile of money."

"Ah well," she said simply, "we will certainly be honest and truthful, no matter what comes or goes. I would rather throw everything we have in the sea than seek to evade the law by a subterfuge or a trick."

The sun was shining gloriously, the bay sparkled and twinkled with infinite bubbles of rippling laughter, the dusky people on shore threw "leis" and flowers, and brought bananas and mangoes to all the dear friends who were setting sail for "Mauna Pohaku," while the white dresses and whiter pantaloons of the dark people made a dazzling contrast to the rude lumber wharfs on which they stood and waved their handkerchiefs in a farewell salute.

"Aloha oe," lingered musically and

pathetically on the still tropical air, long after the great ship had turned itself about, and spreading its sails, was following slowly in the wake of the little tug boat, out of the harbor.

"Oh, Papa," said Mary dolefully, "I feel so bad."

"So do I, Mary, let's turn in to our berths, for I think it's more a case of the stomach than the heart. Come on, Mary."

Papa had been given the only cabin on deck. So he put Mary and Joey in the lower berth, and he plunged into the upper-one, resigning himself to the inevitable for the next few days.

"How shall we manage about the babies?" continued Mrs. Argyle, for the ship was beginning to heave with the swelling billows of the reef, and she was anxious to lie down.

"You take the tiny baby with you, and I'll keep baby Peter with me. What a nice large cabin we have, Jane, and the Captain says there is only one other passenger, so we will have everything, practically, to ourselves."

The next day was the Sabbath; the passengers on the *Forest Queen* all awakened with a profound relief. For some cause or other, the seasick agonies of the day before were banished. It was not long before all were out on deck; and then the mystery was cleared up.

"Why, Captain," said Grandma Howe, as they emerged from the gangway, "what land is that so near us; we are dangerously near, it seems to me."

"That, madam, is the island of Oahu!" with a fine gesture of grace and dignity.

"That Oahu?" asked Mary. "Why that's our island, isn't it Papa?"

"Yes, dear. The Captain says we are becalmed. And we are just around on our side of the island, too. There is Laie; do you see the cluster of white

cottages, and the tall meeting-house spire?"

"Oh, Papa, and it's Sunday. The folks are just getting ready for Sunday School. Oh, I wish I was there, Papa," and the little eyes filled with tears.

All that day the sails flapped idly in the still, solemn, Sabbath air; the sea was like a great sapphire with fiery heart which burned and glowed with intense beauty.

"Unless ve haf some vind, ve vill be two monds going to de coast." So spoke Captain Winding, who was a Danish gentleman with the polish of a European courtier, and the skill of some of his Viking ancestors.

All that day Mary's heart was sad and heavy, partly with homesickness for the dear little village so near to them and yet so far away in the past, and partly with the thought of the time thus wasted out of the two weeks which she had fixed upon in her prayers for the home voyage.

She tried to extract some comfort from her mother on that topic, but with the calmness of long experience Mrs. Argyle answered,

"Oh, well, dear, we will leave it all with the Lord, and let it be just as He desires. It's all right whether it's two weeks or four weeks. We are in God's hands."

All of which was good philosophy and the little girl tried to feel as contented as possible over it; but youth and long patience are not usual companions.

The next morning, the sailors caught a shark and hauled it up painfully on the deck.

The children gazed with fearful fascination at the chained creature flapping and beating about the deck, its huge jaws snapping and snarling as it thrashed from side to side.

Then the Captain's big, black, Newfoundland dog came over and barked and jumped and worried the monster fish into a frothing rage.

Suddenly, the wind sprang up, and the sailors answered the breeze with many a shouting, "yeh ho," and the sails spread out, bellying to the breeze with a wide, grateful sweep.

The shark was tossed overboard, everything was put in readiness for the grateful tradewinds, and away the ship sailed northward skimming the incoming billowy waves like a huge, white bird.

The days passed; and in less than a week, all passengers were over the sickness, and able to be on deck reading, or sewing; and certainly all were ready for the dinner gong which heralded Pettini's excellent dinners. The cook-house, across the deck, was a fascinating place for the children. They would stand at the open door for hours, watching the mysterious processes which went on in a 4x6 kitchen. Pettini was a jolly Italian, with a pronounced talent for cooking and an inordinate love for rancid olive oil.

It was pleasant, this great, roomy ship; and in the long twilights they all sat on deck, listening to Aunt Christine softly singing or to the discussions on Mormonism which so often engaged Mr. Argyle and the Captain.

The wind never abated one jot; the ship rode on her side the whole of the voyage. Great waves would occasionally splash right over the lower deck. And at dinner-hours, the passengers would watch with never decreasing amusement the two Japanese waiters going across the lower deck from Pettini's quarters to the gangway which led down to the dining-saloon.

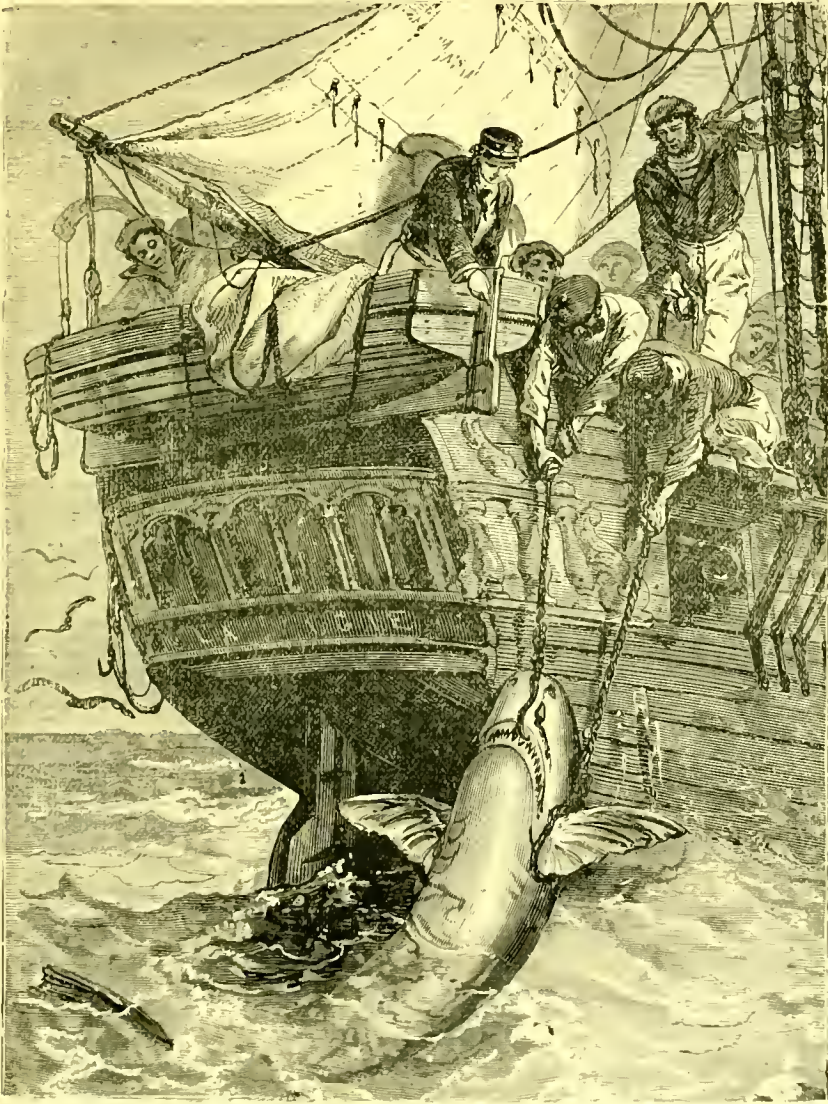
"I never saw such a vind," the Captain would say over and over again, as

the careening ship cut across the big, bouncing waves.

Mary would look significantly into her mother's eyes every time she would

And Mama would smile back at her in the most knowing manner.

At last they drew near the shores of America.



HAULING UP THE SHARK.

hear the Captain's remark, as much as to say,

"We know who sends this favorable wind, don't we, Mama?"

That was a great day for Mary.

She could not remember leaving San Francisco, she was too small; but now she stood on the upper deck, and her

little heart beat almost to suffocation as she watched the shore line grow nearer and nearer; and at length they came close to the narrow Golden Gate, passed the light-houses, the islands with their fortifications, and sailed into the broad, beautiful, placid bay.

As the anchor was cast, Mary could stand it no longer, but running to her father, she exclaimed,

"Papa it's just two weeks, isn't it, since we sailed out of Honolulu harbor?"

"Yes, my pet, with two hours to spare. We drew in our anchor at Honolulu at twelve o'clock, while now it is just ten o'clock, two hours inside the two weeks."

"Oh, Papa, that's because Mama and I prayed, isn't it, Mama?"

Mr. Argyle looked at his wife, and she smiled back at him, while she took Mary's hand and gently stroked it.

And so the great ship halted there, and rocked gently with the tide; they were enclosed with the encircling hills and vales about San Francisco Bay, with the Sacramento River pouring its wealth of sweet waters into the salty basin which opened through Golden Gate into the sea.

Soon a small steam tug came along side to ask if passengers wanted to be put on shore.

"When did the barque *Alameda* reach here?" called Captain Winding down to the Captain of the tug. "I've been trying to beat her for six years on this upward trip and haf never done it yet. She sailed from Honolulu six days before I did."

"*Alameda* hasn't arrived yet," called back the tug-officer.

"Well, well," said Captain Winding, "it's all because of that vind! I never saw such a vind in these quarters before. Blew us straight here vidout a minute to spare."

"It's because you had Mormons on board," said Mary bravely to her friend, the Captain.

"So it is, Mary, it is. And I never haf passengers before vich I like so well as Mormons."

The tug boat took them all, dark and fair, young and old. They were soon landed at the wharfs and surrounded by a crowd of hackmen and policemen. They drove at once to a hotel where they were domiciled for ten days. An old friend living in San Francisco heard of their arrival and sought them out at the end of that time. When told of the trouble they were having at the custom house he went at once with Mr. Argyle, and in a few hours everything was put through, and they were at liberty to resume their journey to Utah.

What exquisite delight filled all their hearts when the Utah line was passed on the cars! Why, every single person that entered the car after that seemed like a neighbor and a friend.

"Salt Lake City," called out the conductor, and Mr. Argyle turned to his wife and said,

"Jane, this is the end of your mission."

"Nay," answered his wife rather sadly, "this is just the beginning of my real life mission."

"Which do you think, any way, has performed the best mission?" asked Mr. Argyle, as they arose to leave the car.

"Do you want me to tell?" asked Grandma Howe, as she watched careful, prudent Mary grasp Joey firmly by the hand and seize her own particular bundle preparatory to their exit. "I think Mary has. She has been only a little missionary, it's true, but the noble, unselfish lessons she has taught to us all are worthiest of praise. We think we teach our children, but oft'ner our children teach us, if we will only learn.

We have served, I fear, merely from a sense of duty; she has served, God bless her, for love!"

But Mary was so intent on doing her own part carefully that she did not hear all that was said, and so she asked, just as the car stopped,

"Whom were you talking about, Grandma?"

"We were talking about our Little Missionary."

Homespun.

THE END.

STORIETTES.

[FROM THE CLASSES IN ENGLISH, BRIGHAM YOUNG ACAD. EMY, PROVO.]

A Lesson in Obedience.

As each year passes, it takes with it some one's dear grandparents who were once associated with Brigham Young. Many of us, however, have heard them speak of the time when the great leader used to go through the villages encouraging the Saints, and giving them instructions concerning the building of their new homes.

In the year 1855, the President and Heber C. Kimball, in company with a small party, were making a tour around Utah Lake. On August 4, they came to Lehi, which at that time was but a small fort. The people, however, were very hospitable and urged their visitors to stay over night. As the rain was falling in torrents, the President decided to do so. Toward the close of the next day Ben Brown, one of the teamsters, a rough sort of fellow, was seen saddling a horse.

"Where are you going, Brother Brown?" asked President Kimball.

"Oh, I am going to Salt Lake; I can't stay here waiting for this little storm to pass by," he answered.

"I should advise you not to go; I am

afraid we shall have a rough night; and besides, it is not safe for one to go around the point of the mountain after dark."

"I have made up my mind to go, and I am going. No storm or anything else can stop me," he answered.

Ben had received a letter from his sweetheart in Salt Lake, telling him to be sure to come home on August 5th. The girls were preparing to have a sewing-bee, after which they were going to have a dance. The words of Brother Kimball lingered in his mind as he rode away. He knew that he was liable to suffer for his disobedience, but the thoughts of having a good time with his friends at home overpowered his fears.

About a mile from the fort the road crosses Dry Creek. This stream at some seasons of the year is dry, while at others the water is very high. This was the case now. The storms had been so heavy in the canyon that the stream had increased greatly and now it was carrying large trees and boulders with it.

The horse at first refused to venture into the rushing flood; but after being spurred and whipped the poor animal plunged in and began struggling toward the other side. After going several yards, the faithful brute was struck by a pole, and, as could be plainly seen, would be unable to carry Ben across. His only chance now lay in reaching the bank by riding some log. This he did, and, fortunately, after several duckings, he was carried back to the same side from which he started.

"What shall I do?" he said to himself. "If I go back, I shall be laughed at; if I sleep out in my wet clothes, I am liable to make myself sick, and besides, the stream may be as high in the morning as it is now."

Ben's walk to the fort was very un-

pleasant; and when he opened the door at the place he had been staying, he was not surprised at hearing Brother Kimball say:

"Just as I expected, Brother Brown. Well, I hope you have learned a lesson."

At first Ben was ashamed to speak, but finally said, "Brother Kimball, I confess I have learned a lesson; but I ask you not to say anything more about it." Brother Kimball promised.

The next day, the party left for home. On their way to the city they found the horse feeding by the road side.

O. A. Kirkham.

A Christmas Gift.

THE wind was howling around the house; the ground was covered with snow, and the fleecy clouds were gilded by the moon's pale sheen.

Ruth Jones sat by the warm fire, her wraps on, holding out her hands to the bright blaze. She was a noted actress and had just come from the Christmas eve play; she lived alone in the comfortable cottage left by her father. A gust of wind swept violently around the corner of the house and then the cries of a baby fell on her ears. She startled, looked around the room and another wail was heard.

She quietly opened the door and picked a child up. After warming the wee little thing, which was really very pretty, its black eyes and golden hair making a striking contrast, she found, hanging around its neck, a little locket in which was written, "Vernon." In a bundle of clothes was a letter which ran as follows:

"Stranger, be kind and good to my babe and you shall be rewarded."

Kind to it! She already loved it and called it her "Christmas Gift."

A good nurse was hired to care for

the baby when Ruth went out to act. This was done until Vernon was old enough to be left alone. At an early age he was introduced to life on the stage.

Years rolled by and no tidings came of Vernon's parents. He became an accomplished actor, and Ruth and Vernon's lives were happy when near each other. Ruth loved him as an affectionate mother loves her only child.

It was sixteen years since the actress' Christmas gift had come to live with her. It was Christmas day again, and they were enjoying this day in very deed. A knock at the door disturbed them and not long after Vernon led an elderly looking man into the room.

"I have come with the reward, five thousand dollars," he said, "and to take my child."

"Leave me the child and keep your reward. You cannot love him as I do. He is a part of my life I cannot think of losing him," sadly spoke Ruth.

Vernon had stood gazing in wonder, but now he stepped to Ruth's side and kissing her forehead, said,

"I'll not leave you, Auntie, no, never."

A long conversation followed and Ruth's real reward was finding her brother who had long been lost to the family. He had left his father, mother, sister and home to sail on the distant seas. He had married an "angel woman," as he then thought; but when he returned home late one night, he found his wife in another man's arms. He would not wait for explanation but took the baby from the cradle and went away, leaving his wife in a swoon. He left the little one at a stranger's door and went off in pursuit of wealth, and now had come for his child.

Oh! how happy was the meeting! Tears of joy, which for years had not

flowed, now trickled down his manly cheeks as he held in his arms his sister and his child.

The story of his mother so affected Vernon that he set out to find her, and after many months of long and tedious search he succeeded.

Her story was even more sad than the one Vernon heard his father tell. She told how, the night his father had left her, she had been waiting for him, when a knock came at the door, and a man, who had often told her in her maiden days that he would follow her to the grave if she would not become his wife, came in; a few angry words had passed and he struck her. Then she remembered no more, until recovering, she found herself in this man's arms, and her husband going out with the baby hugged to his breast. The many years of suffering that followed told plainly on her countenance.

Aunt Ruth's Christmas gift was the means of making once more a happy home for a loving husband and wife, who had long been lost to each other, and still remained Aunt Ruth's comfort and joy.

Ethel Rees.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LEAFLETS.

THE Deseret Sunday School Union Board will resume the publication of the Leaflets in January, for distribution among the Sunday Schools of the Latter-day Saints. As heretofore announced, the subjects run parallel with the "Articles of Faith," by Elder J. E. Talmage. An examination of the copy for the first numbers of the Leaflets shows that they are the result of very careful thought and consideration. The lessons are ex-

haustive, and it is suggested to the Sunday Schools that in taking up these Leaflets there will be found sufficient matter in each one to occupy two or three Sundays. The lessons should not be rushed over; ample time should be given the pupils to master the subjects. As the Leaflets will be mailed to each school direct, superintendents and officers are urged to notify the Board of any recent changes in the offices of Ward Superintendents, so that each school may receive its quota promptly.

LAST CALL FOR JUBILEE HISTORIES.

A FEW Sunday Schools are still behind in sending in their Jubilee histories. One last effort is now being made to secure these reports. If they are not forthcoming immediately, the probabilities are that they will be left out of the book now in preparation by the Jubilee committee.

KINDERGARTEN NORMAL TRAINING CLASS.

IT has been decided by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board to begin a Sunday School Kindergarten Normal Training Class at the Latter-day Saints College. This class will be divided into two sections, one consisting of beginners and one of advanced students; the beginners' class to meet from 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m., and the advanced class to meet from 1 p. m. to 3 p. m. The services of Sister Donnetta Smith have been secured. The term will be for six months, and a tuition fee of two dollars will be charged each pupil, to help defray the expenses. The schools of Salt Lake Stake are requested to send representatives to this training class. It is a splendid opportunity to educate teachers in this new department of the Sunday School. If the class now under consideration shall be successful, the system will be extended to the other Church

Sunday Schools in the various Stakes of Zion.

QUESTIONS CONCERNING BADGES.

"Is it proper in giving badges to workers in Sabbath Schools to date the years of service from six years of age, or the time when the parties first started to attend Sabbath School? For instance, say a brother has been a teacher one or two years and is thirty-one years of age; is it proper for him to wear a badge marked twenty-five years a Sunday School worker?"

"If a person has been a teacher in Sunday School belonging to our Church in his mother country, should not the time spent in that labor there be counted the same as though it had been performed here, especially when the person has gone right along working after he arrived here?" THOS. STIRLAND."

Answering the foregoing questions I beg to say that a brother or sister who has been a teacher for a period of less than twenty-five years is not entitled to a twenty-five year badge, no matter how long he or she may have been a member of a Sunday School. The badge is for the officer or teacher, not for the member. It does not matter where this service was performed, whether in England, America, or any other place. If the service is rendered as an officer or teacher of a Sunday School for 25, 30, 35, 40 or 45 years he who performed it is entitled to a badge according to his period of service.

Your Brother,

GEORGE D. PYPER.

General Secretary.

NOTICE.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,

Dec. 9th, 1899.

To Superintendents of Sunday Schools:

The general Jubilee committee would

like to preserve in the archives of the Sunday School a history of the local Jubilee celebrations held in December, 1899, and for this purpose ask the Superintendents to forward to the Secretary, 409 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, a copy of the program, a sample of local badges and a brief account of the exercises. It is proposed to compile the reports, and, with the badges, program and other souvenirs, place them in a box and deposit them in a safe place, to be opened fifty years hence. Also please send copies and samples of the same to your Stake Superintendency.

Sincerely, your brethren,

JOSEPH W. SUMMERHAYS,

THOMAS C. GRIGGS,

LEVI W. RICHARDS,

JOHN M. MILLS,

GEORGE D. PYPER,

Jubilee Committee.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A GLANCE AT WAR'S GRIM FRONT THIS
CHRISTMAS TIME.

THE close of the year finds the two greatest nations of the earth—the United States and Great Britain—engaged in war in a foreign land.

As a consequence of our war with Spain, the United States has had an insurrection, or uprising of natives, to deal with in the Philippine Islands. The merits of the controversy do not need to be discussed in these columns—it has become largely a political question. It is enough to say that the conflict between the natives and our troops, which began almost immediately after the close of the war with Spain, is not yet ended, although recent advices indicate that the Filipino leaders and forces appear to have nearly

reached the limit of their resources and are about to succumb to the superior force and discipline of the Americans. It has been a costly contest for this government, and at this writing there are more United States soldiers stationed on these far distant islands than were ever on foreign soil in the whole history of our nation all put together.

The British situation in the war with the Boers in South Africa has not been by any means satisfactory to the mother country. On the contrary, success has almost invariably attended the Dutch up to this time. It was anticipated by the English government that for a time the Boers would have the advantage, because the former had to transport soldiers and supplies a long distance by sea, and considerable time would have to be consumed before the forces could be assembled at the various strategic points around and from which the campaign would probably be conducted. But the least hopeful Englishman was scarcely prepared for the terrific record of repulses and losses which the British troops have sustained. The Boers have not only fought with signal bravery and effectiveness, but they have also developed a scheme of strategy so masterly as to excite the admiration of the highest military critics everywhere. It has been generally admitted that there could be but one outcome to the war—in the end British arms would be triumphant and the British flag wave victorious throughout the Transvaal. The bringing about of this result has proved to be a more serious undertaking than anybody expected, and it is still far from completion. In the meantime the world pays respect, with uncovered head, to the magnificent valor of the British troops. The courage displayed by both officers and men has been heroic, if not actually amounting to recklessness.

It is worthy of remark that these two conflicts occur in the same year with the holding of the noted international gathering known as the Peace Conference. If the two greatest nations cannot settle their difficulties with their inferiors by peaceful arbitration, the question will naturally arise as to how a weak nation can hope for any relief from this remedy in case of need. The prospect is not indeed cheering. Nevertheless, the horrors of war constitute in themselves the most eloquent and impressive argument for peace; and the greater the loss of blood and treasure sustained by a nation, the more content that nation is to avoid future conflict, at least for a goodly time to come. The motive may not be creditable, but it seems to be effective.

American successes in arms during the year have been so universal that in the country at large the holiday season will not be marred by any sorrow for national disasters or reverses, though of course in many individual homes there will be sadness and mourning for loved ones gone never to return. In England, on the contrary, the feeling is almost one of national calamity and distress, and at thousands of firesides there will be sorrow and tears for absent members of the family whose bodies, pierced with bullets, lie mouldering in foreign soil. The Filipinos and the Boers will also be admitted to have human sympathies and affections, and their joy at this Christmas-tide cannot, therefore, be unalloyed. It will thus be seen that the divine maxim which came to earth on the occasion whose anniversary the Christian world is about to celebrate—"on earth peace, good will toward men"—has not yet found universal acceptance and is rather far from being an affair of universal accomplishment.

The Editor.

Our Little Folks.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth must borrow mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer,
Sigh—it is lost in the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad and your friends are many,
Be sad and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared wine
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
Fast, and the world goes by!
Succeed and give and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die!
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on,
Through the narrow aisle of pain.

Selected.

A VERY STRANGE FISH.

It was a delightful summer, during the early settlement of this part of the country. Brother Sumner took his wife and four small children, and his sister Ann, for a few weeks "camping out" at the Yellow Banks.

Brother Sumner was engaged in sheep-raising, and as his occupation took him a great deal away from home, his wife often went with him for a few weeks during pleasant weather, rather than remain alone with her little family; for in those days Indians were numerous, and some-

times disagreeable, and the nearest neighbor was perhaps a mile away.

Little Hattie, then about six years old, was usually frail and delicate in health, but when well was as nimble and full of antics as a young lamb. She could outrun all the boys of her age, and catch them at "tag" or "steal sticks;" while her greatest delight was in doing something "nobody else could do."

Well, one day while the Sumners were at the Yellow Banks, it was decided that the children should all go fishing with Aunt Ann. Accordingly tackle, consisting of a long cord with a bent pin on one end and a birch rod on the other, was prepared for each, with the exception that Aunt Ann had a real fish hook.

Away they started in high spirits for the nearest stream, catching grasshoppers on the way for bait. Upon reaching the stream, which was of considerable depth and perhaps ten or fifteen feet wide, Aunt Ann first selected good positions for the children, and then seated herself near enough that she could "keep her eye on them," and threw her own baited hook into the water.

For a time it was great fun to see the fish snap at their bait, usually catching it, and then go sailing down the stream, for grasshoppers were plentiful, and the children did not mind catching them so long as there was hope of exchanging them for fish.

But at last, their pursuit yielding small profit, Hattie became restless, and began looking round for something more interesting. Presently, upon the opposite bank she spied a cluster of wild daisies, and decided at once to try crossing over on a pole, which spanned the stream near by, in place of a bridge.

Now Aunt Ann had warned them against the pole. But Hattie had become an expert at "pole-fence walking," and

thought she could run across the stream just as easily as she could walk the fence. So, unheeding her aunt's caution, she made the attempt; but when she was near the middle the pole began to sway, Hattie became dizzy, then lost her balance and finally over she went into the stream. The splash brought Aunt Ann to the spot, just in time to see the blue sun-bonnet bob under the pole.

Instantly the thoughtful auntie plunged into the water, and, catching the skirts of her little niece with a firm but trembling grasp, snatched her from the jaws of death.

Hattie soon recovered her breath but the fishing ended for that day, and as the loving aunt, white and trembling from fright, lay the dripping child into its wondering mother's arms, she said in her droll way: "Well, that's the biggest fish I ever caught in my life! It took all the strength I had to pull it ashore."

Hattie was not so anxious after that to "do what no one else could do," and though it was rather a cool lesson it was certainly an effectual one. *Jessie Jay.*

MAUD AND FANNY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 748.)

Concludes With a Merry Christmas.

As the autumn days grew shorter and cooler, the little sisters found many ways of spending their time. They cheerfully helped, in a small way, about gathering in the bounteous harvest which had rewarded the labors of their father and Archie.

The time for threshing the grain came, and Maud and Fanny were intensely interested in that part of the year's work. They had been to the fields with the older children, and had helped in gathering up the grain which the reap-

ers left, and their gleanings were to be threshed with the other wheat. Why should they not feel personally interested in it all?

But something was said by one of the men, while the threshing-machine was being set, and before its noisy work began, which caused Maud and Fanny to look at each other in great astonishment.

"So you will leave us this winter, Brother King?" That was what the man said. And the children heard their father answer:

"Yes, it appears to be the right thing for me to do, since you brethren have seen fit to make me your legislator this season."

"About what time will the legislature open?" asked the brother who had mentioned the matter. Then the deafening noise of the machine commenced, and the little girls ran away to their mother to tell the wonderful thing they had heard, and to ask what it meant.

Yes, their mother told them, their father would likely be away from home most of the winter; he would go in a few weeks.

They asked other questions, but their mother was too busy cooking for the threshers, to answer them then.

Maud was asked to bring something from the cellar, and Fanny was sent for a basket of chips to hasten the kitchen fire.

"But I want to know," called back Fanny as one of her sisters hurried her off, "what legislator and legislature mean, and where Father is going, and what he will have to do!"

And the subject was not lost sight of till Brother King found time to explain it to his little girls.

Then they found the two words, legislator and legislature in Webster's Ele-

mentary spelling-book, and studied and learned them thoroughly, so that they never forgot them. Other children can do the same, if they do not already understand those words.

It did not seem long till the day came for their dear father to leave them. But the weeks that passed while he was away often seemed very long indeed. A short time before the winter holidays began, in a loving letter to his family, Brother King promised his little daughters some Christmas gifts which he was sure would please them.

"I know what mine will be," exclaimed Fanny gleefully. "Father will know I want a book."

And she was right in the assertion. Besides the sweetmeats which Santa Claus brought them, Maud and Fanny each received a nice new book from their kind father on Christmas morning. Their mother had also planned other pleasures for her children, so that their holidays might be bright and joyous, although their father could not be with them.

Maud and Fanny had been allowed to invite a number of their little friends to spend Christmas afternoon and evening with them. The day was very pleasant, the little friends came early, and for two or three hours the children had a delightful time playing out of doors. They played hide and seek, jumped the rope and ran races for awhile. Then they skated on the well-ditch, which was frozen over. But the ice was not very thick, and it broke and let them fall through. There was no water under the ice, however, so they did not get wet; but had a slight shock when the ice gave way and let them fall in heaps, scrambling over each other and crawling out of the ditch, screaming and laughing.

When they were called in to supper,

they had good appetites from their exercise in the open air. And besides the good, wholesome Christmas meal which was prepared for them, the little sisters and their friends were much gratified to complete the repast with some nice, fresh peanuts, which Maud and Fanny, under their father's instructions, had planted and raised themselves in their own little garden.

After that they played in-door games, "Blindman's buff," "Pussy in the corner," "Who has the button?" and, best of all, the old fashioned "spelling school," in which sides were chosen, and no end of interest awakened.

When the spelling match was over, two or three recitations were given as a pleasant ending to a merry day.

One only will be given here as a finish to this little story:

CHRISTMAS.

Christ's memorial day should be,
Bright and merry, glad and free;
Free to give and to forgive,
Thus our Savior bids us live.

Joyous, gay and happy—yet,
Jesus let us not forget;
Thinking of His mission true,
We some generous acts must do.

May our love, like His, abound,
Show'ring blessings all around;
Till our whole world shall appear
Bright and glad with Christmas cheer.

L. L. Greene Richards.

THE FAIRIES' FESTIVAL OF THE FLOWERS.

CHARACTERS.

BRIAR, A PIXIE—Boy about eight years old, dressed similar to the illustrations of Palmer Cox's Brownies.

NETTLE NIXIE—Little dark-eyed girl, mischievous looking. Full, short, pink gown of

gauzy material, pink stockings and slippers, pink baby-hood, (crocheted.)

QUEEN—Cream tinted gown and gauze veil, white iridescent shell heads for garniture.

POPPY, first maid of honor—red costume.

VIOLET, second maid of honor—blue costume.

LILY, third maid of honor—pale green costume.

PANSY, fourth maid of honor—pale yellow costume.

The queen and her four maids may have either long or short gowns as taste dictates.

All the attendant children in white gowns for the girls and white cambric waists for the boys.

The performers should be from about seven to ten years old.

SCENE, FAIRYLAND.

Empty throne on left of center, with crown and sceptre. Trees, shrubs and flowers to represent a wood. Some of the trees hung with oranges, etc., as though in fruit. Stage strewn with twigs and leaves. Small couch of pine boughs and moss at front, to right of center. Huge lilybud of white and green paper to right of center, back.

[*Pixie* discovered asleep on couch. Awakes, rises slowly and yawns. Looks around with surprise and curiosity.]

Pixie. This must be Fairyland. I'll look and see if I can find some fairy-gems for me.

It was so late when I arrived last night,

And fairies have just fire flies for light,

I couldn't tell if trees were green or blue.

Not any mischief could I find to do,

And so I slept on boughs of scented pine,
(indicates couch)

And made believe that Fairyland was mine.
(Walks around examining interior. Sees the crown, etc.)

Ah, here's the throne, the sceptre and the crown. (Climbs into throne, puts crown on head, and takes sceptre in right hand. Rises and replaces crown, etc., in disgust.)

The queen may *be* the queen; I'll be the clown. (Shakes head.)

I wouldn't be a queen, as I'm a sinner! I'd rather be a clown—and have my dinner. (Places hands over stomach, expressively. Walks around—discovers lily. Examines with evident admiration.)

Ah, here's a flower that rather takes my eye—

Hello! What's this?

Nixie. (Rising from within or behind lily)

This? why, *this is I!*

Pixie. (Leads *Nixie* to front. Aside, winking,) Isn't she a daisy?

(To *Nixie*) Madam, I'm Brier, a *Pixie.* (Bows.)

Nixie. The brownies call me naughty Nettle *Nixie,*

And *Queenie*, when she's angry, calls me Nick! (Stamps foot in imitation of *Queen's* anger.)

And then I hide my topknot pretty quick. (Indicating head.)

Pixie. Now, tell me how you came to be in there?

Nixie. (Puts her fingers in her mouth, hesitates and stammers.)

Why, why—you see—I singed my kitty's hair,

And jerked her tail; and scratched the baby's face;

And pulled the crown and sceptre out of place,

And then the brownies caught me by the toe, (indicates toe)

I kicked and screamed. They wouldn't let me go,

But locked me in a lilybud all night.
(Indicates lily.)

Pixie. Ah, yes; I see. I got you out all right. Now, wouldn't a cake or an orange be a treat!

I am *so* hungry. (Places his hands over his stomach)

Don't you ever eat?

Nixie. (Beckons him to come with her. They walk around picking flowers and peeping into things. *Pixie* picks up stick and pretends to tease a cage of canaries hung in corner. *Nixie* motions him to shake branch. He drops stick, and shaking a bough, down fall cakes, oranges, etc., They express great glee in pantomime. He motions her to get something to put goodies in. She runs and gets a small basket. They collect their find, and seating themselves on couch at front begin to eat. Suddenly music and song are heard behind the scenes. They listen in surprise and dismay, then scramble up, collect their trophies and scamper away and hide.) Song, "*The Brooklet's Invitation.*"

THE BROOKLET'S INVITATION.

WORDS BY SARAH E. PEARSON.

MUSIC BY LORAIN PEARSON.

Moderato

1. Through the woods and glens today, Round the hills from far away, The
 2. Come with me where vi-o-lets spring Through turf brown as a robin's wing; Where the
 3. Where nature planted the moss and fern In shady nooks, lest the sun should burn; Or

brook-let hails the fairies to say, The but-ter-cups are bloom-ing. The
 In-dian "paint-brush" ban-ners fling, Rich, and red, and flam-ing. Where
 dai-sies with their meek eyes turn To meet old Sol's bright glanc-ing; Oh,

wild rose blossoms scent the air, The grass is green and the world is fair,
 shy for-get-me-nots peep and smile, And pan-sies fair y hands be-guile, To
 'free' as the balm-y, scent-ed breeze, That whispers secrets to wav-ing trees,

Blue skies bend o'er a June day rare, The lark his lute is tun-ing.
 gather and weave in a crown the while, That we our queen are nam-ing.
 Come, air-y sprites, to the brooklet, please, And through the woods go dancing.

Enter Queen, four maids, and any number of small children the stage may accommodate or taste dictate. Queen seats herself on throne with two maids on each side and the others arranged along on each side immediately behind them. Song by maids, "*Queen of the Flowers*," the other children joining in the chorus.

Pansy. (Putting her finger on her lip in token of silence, walks around and discovers Pixie and Nixie. Brings them before

the queen. Pixie carries basket of sweets.)

Pansy. Your grace, (bowing) I find these strangers in our land;
Sweets from our trees (pointing to Pixie) discover in his hand;
They've picked our flowers, and teased our birds as well—
Done other mischief, more than I can tell!

QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS.

WORDS BY SARAH E. PEARSON.

MUSIC BY LORAIN PEARSON.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first three lines of the lyrics. The second system contains the next three lines. The third system contains the final three lines. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the bass line, and chords in the treble line. The voice part is a simple melody that follows the rhythm of the lyrics.

1. Queen of the flow - ers, bringing hap - py hours, Green grass and
2. Kneel we be - fore thee, love - ly flow'rs a - dore thee, Strew we them a -
3. Give us each a du - ty, to add anoth - er beau - ty To leaf, or

blos - soms, sun - ny skies and cheer, Lov - ing - ly we greet thee,
round thee, as thy right - ful dower. Fair - ies trip - ping light - ly,
bud, to make the children glad. Where bees are quest - ing, and

haste we to meet thee, Tender - ly we crown thee, queen of all the year.
skies smil - ing bright - ly, Dews kissing night - ly, by thy myst - ic power.
blue - birds are nest - ing, The world is full of blessing, Oh, who could now be sad!

Queen. Hush! patience, Pansy, dear; nor angry be.

(To Pixie.)

Sir, please explain your presence here to me.

To strangers, lost in Fairyland, we feel
The bond of loyal friendship—but—to steal—

Pixie. (Kneeling before the queen.)

I'm truly sorry that I've been so bad,
Won't you forgive a little Pixie lad?

I was so hungry, and so far from home,
boo, hoo! (Crying.)

I want my mama. Poppy, take me home.
(Queen soothes his grief and forgives and comforts in pantomime.)

Pixie. And for your kindness, Queen, I must explain

If I would hope your favor to retain.

I rode down on a snowflake from the pole;

The crystal, melting, dropped me on that knoll.
(Indicates couch where first discovered.)

Nixie. The brownies brought me here, they did, for sure! (Kneeling.)

But if you'll be my friend I am secure.
(Queen nods graciously to both and motions them to be seated at her feet on steps of throne.)

Queen (to her maids.)

We now will choose our emblems for the year.

That favorite flower whose name we wish to bear;

Its graces to assume; its scent diffuse

To gladden mortal eyes and hearts
—(waves sceptre) now choose.

Pansy. Pansies for thoughts, I'll still a pansy be,
And mortal lips will smile at thought of me;

My purple velvet petals shall unfold
Bright, cherub faces, orange, brown and gold.

(Exhibits bouquet of pansies. Bows to queen.)

Lily. I'll be a lily, pure, and white, and fair,
Of modest beauty and of fragrance rare.
I'll grow and bloom and thrive where hearts are sad;

My grace and sweetness then will make them glad.

(Exhibits bouquet of lilies. Bows to queen.)

Poppy. Poppy means consolation—so, you see,
I'll choose to be a poppy; mine to be
Consoler of the weary—mission sweet!
With benefits to humankind replete.
(Exhibits bouquet of poppies. Bows to queen.)

Violet. A modest violet shall be my flower—
I'll helpful be and happy every hour.
(Exhibits bouquet of violets. Bows to queen.)

(To *Pixie*.) And *Pixie*. "she's a daisy," (indicating *Nixie*) so *you* said,
Or shall she still a nettle be, instead?

Pixie, (Shaking his head vigorously.)
No, no! let's all be posies. Nettles sting.

Queen. (To *Violet*.)
She must not personate so vile a thing,
Our aim must be to seek for something higher.

(Handing a bouquet of red roses to *Nixie*,
and yellow brier roses to *Pixie*.)

So *she* shall be the rose, and *you* the brier.

(*Curtain*.)

Sarah E. Pearson.

WON'T AND SHAN'T.

Won't and Shan't were two little brothers,
Angry, and sullen, and gruff.
Try and Will are dear little sisters,
One can scarcely love them enough.

Shan't and Won't looked down at their noses,
Their faces are dismal to see.
Try and Will are brighter than roses
In June, and as blithe as a bee.

Won't and Shan't are backward and stupid,
Little indeed did they know,
Try and Will learn something new daily,
And seldom are heedless and slow.

Shan't and Won't came to terrible trouble,
Their story is awful to tell.
Try and Will are in the schoolroom,
Learning to read and spell



FREDDIE'S FIRST SLIDE.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

An Illustrated Semi-Monthly Magazine

*DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELE-
VATION OF THE YOUNG.*

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